Fetch

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/21865105.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Jack Crawford
Additional Tags:	Master/Pet, Petplay, Puppyplay, graphic murder, graphic cannibalism, Oral Sex, Blood, Gore, dom!will, Sub!Hannibal, Top!Will, Bottom!Hannibal, Dead Dove: Do Not Eat
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Kinkmeme Story Prompts
Collections:	Hannigram Kinkmeme
Stats:	Published: 2019-12-19 Words: 2,501 Chapters: 1/1

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by StratsWrote, whiskeyandspite

Summary

“I’m afraid you’ve not come at a good time,” Will added, voice lower, somehow darker than when he spoke to Jack usually. And he was calm, so eerily calm. “We have training on Tuesdays. Dogs don’t do well if their routine is broken, especially those working to correct their behavior.”

Jack decides to take on Hannibal on his own... he does not expect to find Will at his house, and Hannibal dressed as a dog on his knees at Will's feet.

Notes

Written for a prompt on the kinkmeme by the amazing LadyMaverick! Thanks so much for your kinky and wonderful idea!

See the end of the work for more notes

In retrospect, Jack should have called for backup.

In retrospect, this should have been handled a long time ago.

In retrospect, it was easier to plan this better, but he hadn't, and no amount of mental 'what if' games would help now that Jack was at Hannibal Lecter's door, gun drawn and recorder on in his pocket. He didn't expect a confession but he expected something. Hannibal would not go quietly, and he was too clever to incriminate himself but maybe…

Maybe…

Jack knocked and waited, but no footsteps were forthcoming. He stepped back, just to look up at the lights on in the rooms deeper in the house, farther from the street. He could see movement downstairs implying someone was home. There was no noise, no scuffle within to suggest a struggle, but Hannibal was clever.

He always had been.

It was why Jack was here, now, alone. Because he had sent his best agent to Dr Lecter for treatment, and had dined with the doctor many times, even with Phyllis, and had trusted him to look over crime scenes that Hannibal himself had orchestrated and set up in beautiful tableaux.

He knocked again, but this time tried the door, and it swung open.

No struggle here, either, no signs of a break in. There was a familiar coat on the hook by the door and Jack checked the safety was off on his gun before quietly stepping into the hall.

"Doctor Lecter?" he called. The house had a way of at once echoing and feeling like it was sucking in sound. "It's Jack Crawford. The door was open, are you alright?"

There was a scuffling sound from down the hall, muffled and unfamiliar. Jack eased his way towards it, slipping his gun halfway from its holster.

As he got closer, Jack began to pick up on voices. One voice, in particular, whispering praise.

"Doctor Lecter?"

"He's just fine, Jack."

Jack followed Will's voice around the corner, into the sparsely furnished den that usually housed Hannibal's dinner parties.

He stopped dead in the door.

Will was seated in an armchair, his bare legs spread open. Before him, his back to Jack, his head tucked between Will's thighs in a distinctly recognizable position, was Hannibal Lecter.

Will still wore a flannel shirt, but Hannibal was completely bare, with three exceptions: a frankly ridiculous dog-ear headband, a thick leather collar, and a soft, furry tail protruding from his ass in a way that made Jack uncomfortable to think about.

“Hello, Jack,” Will said. To Hannibal, he added “who told you you could be done?” and a firm tug to his hair.

“Will,” Jack’s throat was dry, his vision was blurred a minute as he tried to come to terms with what he was seeing. Strangely, seeing Hannibal so vulnerable, so humiliated, was far more frightening than seeing the crime scenes he’d left behind for months. This felt entirely out of place with his character, his standing.

And Will… Will didn’t fit into this either. Not in any way that was logical at all.

“I’m afraid you’ve not come at a good time,” Will added, voice lower, somehow darker than when he spoke to Jack usually. And he was calm, so eerily calm. “We have training on Tuesdays. Dogs don’t do well if their routine is broken, especially those working to correct their behavior.”

It was surreal, Jack realized, that was the word. This entire scenario was completely surreal.

“Will I - I need to speak to Hannibal please,” he managed, somehow. Will just tilted his head, rested his elbow on the arm of the chair and his cheek atop his curled fingers.

“I’m afraid he’s not here, Jack, but I’ll be sure to pass along a message.”

“Cut the crap, Will!” Anger was easier to work with, Jack got angry often, Jack yelled often, it helped him feel in control of situations that were beyond anything close to control. And he often yelled at Will, getting either a deliberate avoidance or a straight answer from him.

But not here.

This Will just blinked, hand catching against the leash Jack just noticed was attached to Hannibal’s collar as the other turned to face him, a snarl on his lips that was distinctly animalistic. Will tugged just hard enough to choke the sound off in Hannibal’s throat.

“Heel,” he told him, eyes still on Jack, but Hannibal obeyed immediately, silent and still, crouched bare and staring at Jack like he had no idea who he was.

“I’m afraid you’ll have to forgive him, Jack. He’s very territorial.”

“What the *fuck* , Will?” Now that Hannibal had turned, Jack could see more to his ‘costume.’ Knee pads, bafflingly enough, and then what appeared to be thick leather mittens wrapped firmly around the man’s fists.

“You wanted me to get close,” Will said with a shrug, “We’re very close, aren’t we boy?”

Hannibal tilted his head back to look at Will with an expression that was so blatantly adoring, it made Jack nauseous. Will tucked a lock of blond hair back and then rubbed behind the fake ears.

“You might have warned me,” Jack finally spat out, taking a step back, “You can’t just spring your goddamn fetishes on people.”

Will’s eyes narrowed. He tilted his head, contemplating Jack. “If you knew anything about what we were doing,” he finally said, “Then you would know that it can be very upsetting to rip someone out of their comfort zone. Some days it’s not even possible. Why should I take time away from my pup because you decided to try some breaking and entering?”

“It’s not breaking and entering if the door’s unlocked.”

“You’re entering a residence uninvited,” Will pointed out, sitting forward a little, resting his wrists on his knees. “I know the law, too, Jack. As it stands, you’re the perpetrator of a crime here, not Hannibal or I. Why did you come?”

“You know why I came,” Jack replied, terse. His eyes lingered somewhere between Hannibal’s form and Will’s face. He didn’t want to see either of them nude, he didn’t want to see this at all.

“I’d like to hear you say it.”

“Will, this isn’t a game,” Jack said, fingers flexing at his sides. “This isn’t some kink party to interrupt. He’s the Chesapeake Ripper.”

Hannibal’s head tilted at that, very much like a dog’s would when it heard its name, and Will clicked his tongue gently before stroking down his back. When he returned his hand to Hannibal’s throat, he drew a thumb fondly over the tag that hung from it, light reflecting it just enough for Jack to see the word RIPPER engraved into the metal.

“Yes, he is,” Will said at length, voice somewhere between the tone people used with favorite pets and when describing a fond memory. “He has been, for as long as we’ve known each other. It just took some time for him to let me near enough to see.”

“He is a murderer, Will,” Jack continued, as though relaying the information Will had once told him would help snap Will out of whatever mental funk he’d fallen into. “A criminal. A cannibal. I came to arrest him, to do it quietly, before the media got wind of this.”

Will sighed, stretching and straightening up in his seat. “Such a shame, Jack. He’s really such a good boy, now that he’s had someone to properly train him."

“Will…”

Will clicked his tongue. Hannibal straightened immediately, body tense, vibrating with excitement. Jack’s hand strayed towards his gun again.

“Ripper,” Will drawled. Hannibal made a small, high whine in the back of his throat. “Fetch.”

A look of absolute glee overtook Hannibal.

Will dropped the leash.

Jack drew his gun.

Hannibal slammed into Jack's stomach before he could take aim, the leash tangling up in their feet. They both tumbled to the ground, Hannibal's trapped fists shoving Jack's arm away, hard enough to jerk the gun from his hands.

"Hannibal," Jack yelled, "Hannibal, stop!"

Over Hannibal's shoulder, Jack saw the look on Will's face. Calm. Unsurprised. *Bored* .

Hannibal's teeth sank into his throat and *pulled* .

Will had heard screams before. He'd been on the force long enough, and even with the FBI he'd found himself on occasion entering crime scenes that still had their victims present. Jack's scream burst from him as a gurgle, blood choking him as he tried to fight the inevitable.

Will took a step nearer but didn't aid Jack or Hannibal as they struggled. He'd rarely had the opportunity to watch Hannibal work, and rarer still when he was Ripper. It was beautiful in its messiness; human teeth used to rend when they were not built to, human strength morphed to something animal and primal.

Will watched only long enough to see Jack's struggling ease, and then moved to the side table to pour himself whiskey from the decanter there.

He'd have Hannibal clean up after himself when he returned. It was his house, after all, and a mess *he* had made, not Will. It would hardly do to coddle him by doing his work for him.

Will turned only when he heard a shuffle of leather against the rug he stood on, and smiled down at the pup at his feet.

Hannibal was covered in gore from nose to navel, blood dripping thick from his jaw and chin, caught in the hair on his chest. His eyes were wild with it, reflecting the color as though they themselves were red, not brown. In his mouth, the mangled remains of a human trachea, cartilage bent, snapped in places, muscle crudely torn.

"Good boy," Will praised him, taking a sip of his drink before dropping a hand for his pup to place his prize into his palm. "Good fetch."

Hannibal was always blissful after a kill, and damn near euphoric when Will praised him. Both together had him whimpering, nuzzling his face against Will's bare knees. Will laughed, setting the trachea down onto the table.

"Alright, yes, you can have your treat."

Will led the way back to the arm chair, settling himself down, uncaring for his bloodied hand. They'd be leaving the chair behind tonight, anyway. Spreading his thighs, he clicked his tongue when Hannibal immediately tried to shoulder his way in between.

"No. Ripper, *sit* ."

Hannibal sat back on his haunches, visibly struggling to hold back. Will watched him for a long moment, letting obedience set in, reminding Hannibal who was the master and who was the pup.

“Beg.”

Hannibal pulled the tight paw mitts up to his chest, whimpering softly. Those, Will would *definitely* be packing.

Will leaned back, a small smile softening his features. “Alright. Go ahead, boy.”

Hannibal fell into his lap, mouthing hungry and wet at Will’s still-hard cock.

Blood smeared over his thighs, made Hannibal’s mouth hotter than it had been, and Will groaned quietly, dropping his head back and resting his glass against the arm of the chair, balancing it with languid fingers.

Further in the room, Jack was moving, just a little, not nearly enough to worry about and he would stop very soon anyway. It didn’t matter. Will dropped his free hand to Hannibal’s hair, wiping the blood from his palm over it, scratching behind the ears he wore, praising him quietly as Hannibal sucked Will down like he was absolutely starving.

Will took another drink, licking the burn from behind his teeth and letting his eyes hood.

Jack had almost missed them. If they had decided to postpone their standing Tuesday training session he would have arrived to a vacated house. Now, whoever Jack had told about his evening plans would find the house vacated but slightly worse for wear.

Will curled his fingers in Hannibal’s hair and held him still as he thrust deeper into his throat, a smirk unfurling when he choked and Will immediately did it again.

“You’ve been so *good* for me today,” Will groaned, rolling his hips forward as Hannibal stayed obediently still between his legs and took what he was given. “Such a good boy.”

Hannibal’s whine came out garbled as Will fucked his throat. He blinked up at Will, eyes watery and blissed, drool spilling from the corner of his mouth.

“After tomorrow I’ll always be with you,” Will reminded him, forcing Hannibal’s head all the way down until his nose was buried in coarse curls and his throat constricted around Will as he struggled to breath. “You’ll never be free from me. I’ll mark you up, cover you in myself.”

He pulled out to watch Hannibal strain at the grip in his hair, tongue hanging out sloppily as if he might reach Will that way.

“Do you want that, boy? Want to always be my good bitch?”

Hannibal moaned. Will cut the sound off with his cock, rolling his hips up, forcing Hannibal’s throat to accommodate him as he came, waves of pleasure that Hannibal rapturously swallowed.

“Such a good boy,” Will repeated, panting slightly as he dragged Hannibal off his softening cock. Hannibal’s lips were red and swollen, his eyes glassy and his ears crooked. Blood was drying to dark patches. He was gorgeous like this.

“Go ahead,” Will said, shoving his foot forward, “You know what you’re allowed.”

Hannibal had always been larger than Will, but he made himself small as Ripper, small enough to straddle Will’s leg and rock himself up against it. Puppies weren’t allowed to jump up on the furniture, so he kept his hands to the floor, but his head he rested in Will’s lap so Will could pet him, fingers stroking through his hair, down his neck, over his shoulders.

Silent praise that Hannibal felt to his very bones.

He rutted up against Will harder, taking the friction he needed to bring himself closer and closer. He’d been good, he’d been obedient with Will, had been allowed a treat, had been allowed a game. His tail tickled against the backs of his thighs as he humped faster, breath coming in broken pants until he stilled and spilled hot over Will’s leg, Will’s voice soothing and gentle in his praise above him.

When Hannibal raised his head, Will bent down to kiss him, uncaring for the blood, for the taste of himself, for anything at all but how Hannibal felt against him, trembling and weak and floating far, far away in his mind.

Remarkable man. He did so love him.

Pulling back, Will nuzzled against Hannibal softly, pressing their foreheads together.

“Good boys never leave messes,” he reminded him, smiling when Hannibal whined quietly, and ducked his head to immediately obey, licking over Will’s leg as Will finished his whiskey and sat back to watch him. Over Hannibal’s back, he saw Jack’s body, cooling where it lay, having bled out finally.

He’d get Hannibal to clean it up later. They still had twenty minutes left of their training session, and it wouldn’t do to cut it short. Dogs did well with routine.

End Notes

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